

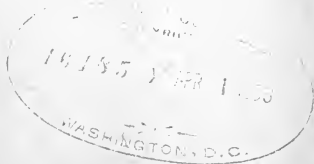
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# After Death in Arabia





# AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

BY ✓

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD  
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## AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

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He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this,—  
"*I am not the thing you kiss;*



Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room,—  
The wearer, not the garb—the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from these splendid stars.





Loving friends! Be wise, and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye,—  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store!



Allah glorious! Allah good!  
Now thy world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends!  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom you call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you;  
But in the light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,—  
In enlarging paradise  
Lives a life that never dies.



Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home!  
*La Allah illa Allah!* yea!  
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.



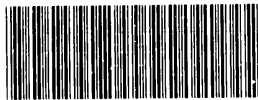
Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space.  
When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—  
Sunshine still must follow rain;  
Only not at death,—for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life centre.







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